# THE KALEIDOSCOPE;

OR,

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"UTILE DULCI."

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## Tales, Romances, &c.

[ORIGINAL.]

### THE GARDEN GHOST.

A TALE.

*(Concluded from our last.)*

So far all went on very comfortably. The supper was brought in; and, as it cost him nothing, Skinflint eat as though he intended that meal should be his last: nay, he even asked Gilbertson to give him some cold meat for the old woman, who, as there was nothing in the house, must otherwise go to bed supperless,—a hardship, by the bye, that she was pretty well used to. A large piece of cold beef was accordingly wrapped in a cloth for her; and Skinflint inwardly chuckled at the idea of having done his generous host out of a couple of dinners at least, for very little beyond the bare bone was to fall to the old woman's share.

Supper being over, the young men and maidens retired, leaving Gilbertson and his friend alone. Warm water and sugar were brought, and they prepared to indulge in a comfortable glass of brandy toddy. They then reloaded their steamers; and just as the miser was congratulating himself on having dropped in so opportunely, the most infernal din that man can possibly conceive commenced directly over their heads,—the noises heretofore had been quietness itself compared with this. Gilbertson's three daughters and two sons (being all that were at home this evening) rushed into the parlour, wild with affright. The girls clung to their father's knees, calling on him to save them, whilst the sons stood beside him, living images of terror. But who can paint the situation of the poor miser? He sank on his knees and attempted to pray, but his tongue refused its office, and he shook as though the palsy had spread all over his body; meanwhile the doors clapped to, balls rolled, chains clanked, and other noises of the most hideous nature, all took place at once, and dreadful yells, and loud hoarsely-sounding voices were occasionally heard, overpowering even every other sound. The miser frequently heard his own name repeated in the most terrific tones, whilst, to add to their distress, a thick sulphury smoke filled the room, almost to suffocation, and all at once the parlour window was suddenly thrown open, and the awful form of the "White Lady" was dimly seen through the smoke, with her glowing eyes staring full upon them. This was, indeed, the climax of affright; and the wretched Skinflint, on beholding the horrid vision, surely thought his last hour had arrived, for he uttered one wild and dreadful shriek, and fell at full length upon the floor, happily insensible to every thing around him.

It seemed as though the fiends had given this grand entertainment wholly on Skinflint's account, for the moment he became insensible to its various beauties, the "White Lady" disappeared, the noises ceased, and all was again quiet.

Then did Gilbertson and his sons convey the unfortunate Skinflint to bed; they undressed him, insensible as he was, and afterwards exerted themselves so well for his recovery, that in a short time he came to himself: his first inquiry was, "Where am I, in the name of God, where am I?" They told him, and added, as the supernatural visitation was over, he might now sleep in quiet. "No, no," said he, take me home, take me home? Oh, those voices, those dreadful voices! what will become of me, a miserable sinner?" His wish was over-ruled; Gilbertson would not suffer him to leave the bed, but gave him a glass of brandy and poppy-water, which quickly threw him into a profound slumber; when they found that the narcotic had taken effect, they also retired to their several beds, and the remainder of this terrific night peacefully and quietly passed away. In the morning old Skinflint awoke, and the occurrences of the preceding evening appeared, at first, only a hideous dream; but when he found himself in a strange bed, the true state of the case instantly flashed on his mind: he joined the family at breakfast, but was much depressed in spirits; in fact, all the family appeared so, and, as if by common consent, the disturbances of the foregoing night were not referred to by any one. Once or twice, indeed, Skinflint thought of introducing the subject, but the recollection of the dreadful tone in which his name had been uttered threw him into a violent fit of trembling whenever he attempted to introduce the topic, and wholly deprived him of the courage requisite to speak upon the subject.

When breakfast was over the melancholy creature requested Gilbertson would be so good as to call upon him the next day; this the gardener promised to do; he then departed for his own habitation, but, notwithstanding his fright, the force of habit had such influence over him that he did not forget to ask for the cold meat they had reserved for him the evening before; this he received, together with a small bottle containing about half a pint of brandy, which Gilbertson, who really felt sorrow for the condition to which he was reduced, thought might be of some service to him. The miser returned many thanks for his tenant's kindness, and the reader will scarcely believe, but it is, however, an unquestionable fact, that he called at the village alehouse on his way home, and sold the little bottle of brandy to the landlady for about two-thirds of its value.

Whether the old woman or the black cat was the more rejoiced to see him I cannot tell; indeed they were both almost starved, for neither of them had tasted food since the preceding day, at dinner-time. The mighty sum of twopence was therefore disbursed from the proceeds of the brandy, and laid out in oatmeal: with this a good mess of thick porridge was made, on which master, servant, and cat feasted heartily, the cold meat he had brought with him being reserved for a purpose with which the reader shall shortly be acquainted.

About eight o'clock the next evening, Richard Gilbertson waited on his landlord, and being well aware that the first blow was half the battle, he thus accosted him: "From what you saw and heard last night, you must now be a pretty good judge of the terrible life we lead at the Hall, and, indeed, it is impossible for human nature any longer to support it. I have, consequently, made my mind up to leave on the first of July: I have just heard that Barton Lodge is vacant, and that place will answer my purpose equally as well, or better than Elmwood, and I am going after it to-morrow morning; but I thought it only right to call and tell you, that all thoughts of a bargain between us must drop: so you've now nothing to do but to get a new tenant for Elmwood as fast as you can."

Here was an unexpected blow to the miser, who felt, at the moment, like one thunderstruck; in vain he essayed to speak, for his tongue would not perform its functions, and, for a short time, he stood, with open mouth, staring at Gilbertson with an air of the most ludicrous perplexity; and the gardener, as he often acknowledged when telling the story, had much ado to keep from laughing in his face; at length the miser broke silence in the following disjointed and unconnected manner:—

"What's this, Richard, what's this: you'll leave, eh? how's that, how's that? Didn't you promise we should bargain, eh? I'm prepared, and quite expected it: think twice, Richard, think twice: I'll make it worth your while to stop, I will indeed. I'll sell it out and out. Oh, dear! oh dear! what shall I do, what shall I do? Nobody will rent it, nobody will buy it. I shall go mad,—for certain I shall go mad."

"Neighbour," coolly observed Gilbertson, "you are reckoned to be a man of sense, notwithstanding your inordinate hankering after money,—and as a man of sense I ask you, were you in my place, would you buy this property, encumbered as it is with evil spirits, unless you could get it a very great bargain? Nay, for once, answer me frankly, would you purchase it on any terms?"

He waited for a reply, and Skinflint, driven, by the skilful generalship of the gardener, into a corner, from whence there was no escaping, candidly acknowledged that he would not.

"Then," resumed Gilbertson, "how can you in conscience expect me to do a thing that, were you in my situation, you would not, and dare not do? Have I not equally as much reason to fear the powers of darkness as yourself? Is my life, or are the lives of my family, of less value than your own? However, it seems you want to sell, and I don't want to purchase; and nothing but the prospect of a very good bargain will induce me to alter my position. Why, indeed, should I buy an article that no one else will purchase, unless the seller *comes to my terms*? But as you seem determined to part with Elmwood, say, at once, your lowest price: if I can give it, I will; if not, I'll then name my price, and you have only to say yes, or no; so, without any shilly-shally work, we come at once to a right understanding."

Skinflint, thus hard pushed, named his price. "It wont do, neighbour," said Gilbertson, "it wont do at all;—now hearken to me; the exact sum that your father paid to old Engross, the London lawyer, for Elmwood—that sum will I pay to you for it, and not one farthing more."

"You're a hard man, Richard Gilbertson, a very hard man," replied the miser, "it is too little—consider the improvement in the timber."

"Consider, a fiddlestick," hastily interrupted the gardener, "do you consider the legion of devils that haunt the house, and ask yourself does not that reduce its value with a vengeance? But please yourself—put it up by auction if you like, perhaps some fool may give more,—he's heartily welcome to it, and as for myself, I'll even take Barton Lodge to-morrow morning; so good bye to ye, landlord, good bye to ye—there needs no more words about the matter."

Gilbertson took his hat, and offered to leave the house, but this the miser would not permit, "Stop, Richard,

stop," cried he, "Lord bless me! you're so hasty there's no dealing with you; I'll take your offer,—Elmwood is yours, and God give you joy of it. You must, however, pay for the writings."

"That I agree to, landlord," said Gilbertson; "my own attorney shall draw out the title deeds, and here is what will bind the bargain," (at the same moment pulling out a weighty purse, and counting one hundred guineas on the table,)—"take these, landlord, as earnest, and as soon as the title deeds are ready, the remainder shall be forthcoming."

The miser's eyes glistened with delight—he pocketed the shining treasure, for to him it appeared completely a God-send, as he had given up all thoughts of either letting or selling the property. Indeed, so well pleased was he with the bargain, that, in the fulness of his joy, he asked Gilbertson to stay and take a mouthful of supper with him, a solitary instance of hospitality—for, never before had he been known to ask a person to eat with him; nor did he ever after ask another. Gilbertson consented to remain, and the supper was what the reader will, probably, anticipate—the very beef Skinflint had brought from Gilbertson's house, but not exactly in that form, it having been converted, by the culinary skill of the old woman, (skill, by the bye, that she had seldom occasion to exert,) into a substantial dish of lobscouse. The foaming tankard, a thing never before known, that evening graced the miser's board; and, to crown the feast, Gilbertson sent to the ale-house for half a pint of brandy, and enjoyed the pleasure, unknowingly though, of paying for the identical liquor he had so kindly given to Skinflint the morning before.

Having thus enjoyed themselves for some time, they parted pretty good friends, and Richard Gilbertson returned home, happy that he had at length attained, by the proprietorship of Elmwood, the full gratification of all his wants and wishes.

Right glad was the family at Elmwood that the head of it had so well succeeded in his errand, for notwithstanding the supernatural noises and the figure of the "White Lady," there was not a single member of it that would have changed the "old hall" for any other house in the country: long acquaintance had endeared it to them, and every tree in the garden seemed an old friend from whom they were naturally unwilling to part; and those planted by themselves, that were now verging towards maturity, and promising to pay well for the expense and labour bestowed on them, were regarded with feelings somewhat akin to those of a fond parent for his beloved offspring when they rise up to manhood around him, and by their affectionate and dutiful behaviour amply repay the happy father for all the care and attention bestowed on their helpless infancy.

Much did the sages of the hamlet wonder, when the intelligence reached them that Richard Gilbertson was become the owner of Elmwood: a small knot, who were reckoned the topping inhabitants, and who thought themselves the wiseacres of the village, met every Saturday night at the Elmwood Arms, and there discussed, with equal ability, the affairs of their neighbours and those of the kingdom in general. This cycle of politicians, or a similar one, must have been impressed on the poet of nature's imagination when he wrote

> "These village statesmen met with looks profound,
> And news much older than their ale went round."

This select coterie unanimously declared "that Richard Gilbertson must have taken leave of his senses; for, why would any sensible man," said they, "remain at a place haunted as Elmwood is, when he has the power of leaving it? This was not likely; and much less would he have thought of making himself the laughing-stock of the community, by purchasing the haunted premises." Such were the remarks made by the village sages, but Gilbertson only laughed at them; for he well knew on what side his bread was buttered; therefore, directly after the writings were signed and sealed, the money paid down, and complete and full possession of Elmwood given him, he, in right good earnest, applied himself to the extermination, root and branch, of all the devils who had, for such a length of time, infested his purchase; taking especial good care not to forget the "White Lady," who, with her fiery eyes, was at last forced to decamp from the premises, to the wonder of all, the joy of many, and the regret and envy of some few, who would willingly have bought the property, had they, like Richard Gilbertson, known how to free it from its unpleasant incumbrances.

To effect so desirable a purpose, our friend Richard called in the assistance of an old Romish priest, or Jesuit, I believe, who having accompanied the Young Pretender during the unfortunate expedition of 1745, and been present at the battle of Culloden, was, after the disastrous termination of that conflict, obliged, like the adventurer his master, to save himself by flight, a justly enraged Government having placed a price upon the meddling ecclesiastic's head: after many narrow and romantic escapes from the agents of the reigning family, who kept up a hot pursuit, he at length arrived in this remote corner of Lancashire, which being his native place, he naturally concluded would be a city of refuge for him; nor was he mistaken; the gentry of the vicinity being principally of the Catholic persuasion, and strongly inclined to the cause of the exiled family, gave the old man shelter; and although the reward offered for his apprehension was great, yet not a person in the neighbourhood could be found to take advantage of it. Nay, Old Skinflint himself, notwithstanding he had so long made "base lucre" the god of his idolatry, stoutly stood out against the tempting bribe; but *he was a Papist*, and probably the fear of eternal damnation, for betraying a member of the sacred priesthood, counteracted and overbalanced in him that "love of money which is the root of all evil."

To this reverend person, on gaining possession of Elmwood, did our gardener apply, and he accordingly attended, bearing his missal, his holy water, and the reliques of various saints and martyrs, all of which were to be used in the expatriation of the demons that had possessed themselves of Elmwood.

The old gentleman commenced his operations by reading prayers in every room; he then, in some strange formula, unknown to his hearers, and probably not understood by himself, anathematized the ghosts, devils, demons, or whatever supernatural beings they might be, that had for so long a period ran riot in the house: he sprinkled each several room with holy water; and in the centre garret, which had been the chief scene of their nocturnal devilries, he hung up a precious relique, it being nothing less than a paring of the great toe nail of St. John the Divine, several of them having been found by him during his travels through the Grecian Archipelago, in a cave in the island of Patmos, where the said St. John wrote his Revelations; though a brute of a shipmaster remarked to him that "they were only the parings of the nails of some Greek peasant, who, having been bathing, had unrigged and rigged himself in the cavern." However, it was there; "every man to his fancy," and in the opinion of our priest, they were the genuine reliques of the great St. John, and he had found out (no matter how he came by his knowledge) that they were a sovereign specific against evil spirits of every denomination.

The same course was pursued in the garden against the famous, or rather infamous, "White Lady," and another paring of St. John's toe-nail was hung upon the damascene tree under which the said "White Lady" had generally made her appearance.

What the old Priest did with all these supernatural beings, whether he banished them to the end of the world or confined them in the Red Sea, or not, I cannot tell; but this I do know, that to the inexpressible satifaction of the family, and the great joy of the neighbouring population, Elmwood was completely freed from noises, devils, and White Ladies. Nothing of the kind ever appeared there after the visit of the holy Priest, and Elmwood, that had formerly been the terror of all who had ever heard of it, soon became noted for the quietness and comfort of its inhabitants, so that it was a common saying in the village, and for miles round, whenever a person wished to paint the felicity enjoyed by another "that he was as happy, or happier, than the Gilbertsons of Elmwood."

The most delightful of living novelists in his "Aunt Margaret's Mirror" and "Ghost Story" concludes without attempting to give an explanation of those mysterious narratives, and the reader is left to believe (if he pleases) that such things as magic mirrors, and the ghosts of little old women in red farthingales, had at one time existence, and that Sir Walter himself puts faith in these instances of superstition. I, however, shall not follow the example of such high authority; for I am firmly of opinion that there is no species of writing so absurd as that which tends to impress a belief in supernatural appearances upon the minds of the rising generation; and, although, as far as regards the foregoing tale,

> "Even the child that knows no better
> Than to interpret, by the letter,
> A story of a cock and bull,"

must be fully aware, whilst perusing it, that the disturbances at Elmwood arose from any thing but supernatural agency: yet he will naturally be anxious to know from what cause the noises did arise, and who the "White Lady" really was. This mystery it shall be my task, or rather the task of the cunning Richard Gilbertson, to elucidate, and the following narrative will, I doubt not, explain every particular, to the entire satisfaction of the good-natured reader:—

I must, in the first place, premise that old Skinflint survived the sale of Elmwood about three years: avarice, that had been his predominant failing during life, was destined to be the fatal cause of his death: a French smuggling lugger having unfortunately been wrecked on the neighbouring sands, he, in common with many others, attended, to obtain some portion of the cargo, which, like their present descendants, they looked upon in no other light than that of a God-send.

It was the luck of Skinflint to fish up two kegs of brandy, which he carried home in triumph, but the load proved far too heavy for him, and the unusual fatigue, in addition to the imprudence of allowing his wet garments to dry upon his body, threw our miser into a raging fever. At the commencement of his illness he strenuously refused all medical advice, and it was only after he became delirious that a physician was sent for, but the disorder had taken so strong a hold upon his frame as wholly to baffle all the skill and attention of the medical practitioner, and in a few days poor Skinflint expired unregretted by his neighbours, and bitterly cursed by those who ought to have been the heirs of his enormous wealth, for to their great disappointment, when the will was read, they found that the whole of his property was bestowed on charitable institutions. And thus it was that he, who, when living, refused the famished beggar a dry crust, was, after death, blazoned forth on the benefaction tablets of hospitals and infirmaries as a "good, charitable, pious, and humane man,—a friend to the poor and an ornament to society."

But peace be with him. Could his riches have been interred along with his body, no charitable foundation would have benefited one penny by the death of Skinflint, the miser; he gave away that which he could not take with him, in the vain hope of atoning in death for an ill-spent life; but let the living miser, if any such should read this narrative, bear in remembrance that it is not posthumous "charity that covereth a multitude of sins."

The mind of Richard Gilbertson, although he resided amongst a population proverbially superstitious, was not debased by the ignorance of the times: in this respect he differed essentially from the generality of his neighbours; for, being a man of strong, though unpolished intellect, he treated all the idle stories that had been handed down from one generation to another with the contempt they deserved, and in this contempt his family participated, for he had, at an early age, taught

his children to laugh to scorn all idea of supernatural interference with the common affairs of mankind, and had fully demonstrated to them that stories of ghosts, and goblins, and "chimeras dire," originated in the delusions of imagination, and were only believed by the weak, the timid, and the unenlightened. With minds formed on this principle, the children of Richard Gilbertson were well calculated to play the parts he afterwards assigned to them.

* * * * * *

A few days after the death of his old landlord, Richard Gilbertson gave his daughters directions to prepare a good and substantial supper; he then invited all the persons, both male and female, who had attended when the ghosts or demons played such unaccountable pranks, and as the Jacobite Jesuit had eradicated every fear of similar disturbances, the ladies and gentlemen, one and all, consented right gladly to attend an excellent supper and plenty of drink to make amends for the disappointment of the former evening.

But this time no disappointment was experienced, for all went on comfortably and happily, nor was there any lack of meat, or drink, or appetite. It certainly could not be called a "feast of reason, and a flow of soul;" yet still it was a feast that Richard Gilbertson, at the head of his table, heartily enjoyed. And after a few bumpers of strong ale had put the whole party into high good humour, he requested attention, for a short time, to a story that he trusted would be a source of entertainment to them. With this demand the good folks speedily acquiesced, the horns were again filled to the brim, and amid clouds of tobacco-smoke that occasionally nearly obscured the rubiconal visage of the happy gardener, he addressed his listening auditory in the following manner:—

"My worthy friends and neighbours, I must, in the first place, inform you that I have, during life, been a decided enemy to superstition of every description, and an entire disbeliever in all the tales of witches, ghosts, and goblins, with which this and other country districts have been so long inundated. I observe that your countenances express great astonishment at this frank avowal, given, as it is, in defiance of the mysterious circumstances that so lately took place under this very roof,—circumstances of which ye were all, I believe, most unwilling eye-witnesses; but listen patiently to my story, for a short period, and if I do not satisfactorily prove to you, that every thing which ye at present regard as supernatural, originated in the mind of man, and was, in fact, the handy work of beings no more acquainted with the *spiritual world* than ye are yourselves, then, I say, dub me the arrantest bungler of a gardener that ever handled spade or rake since the days of old father Adam, who, as ye all know, is universally allowed to have been the first of the profession.—Now you must be fully aware that, during the time I tenanted this property, I always considered it to be much overrented, and made many ineffectual attempts to obtain a fresh agreement with old Skinflint: at length I formed the resolution of quitting the house wherein my children had been born and brought up, and which, as you will naturally suppose, was endeared to me by many pleasing recollections, rather than submit any longer to the imposition and obstinacy of my landlord. I accordingly waited on him for the last time, made the usual request, and was, as usual, refused; but that refusal was accompanied by the most insulting language. Highly exasperated, I quitted the miser's habitation, and directly planned a scheme of revenge that in the end fully succeeded, and made me, upon easy terms, the proprietor of the old mansion of Elmwood.—In the first instance I took advantage of the old and foolish story of the house being haunted, and therefore I determined that the "White Lady" should reappear upon the scene of her former exploits. The figure of a woman was accordingly rudely formed of light wood and pasteboard; the head was a hollow turnip; holes were cut wherein the eyes should have been, and a candle placed inside of the head was the cause of those flaming eyes that struck such terror into the hearts of all the beholders. A large white sheet covered the figure from head to foot, which, being girded round the middle, gave it a distant resemblance to the human form The scarecrow was fixed upon a wooden frame that moved upon four small wheels; to this frame a string was fastened by means of which one person could easily draw this machine from one part of the garden to the other wherein it might be wanted. To convince you of the truth of this statement, I beg that neighbour Jolthead, who sits next the hall-door, will be good enough to open it."—This Jolthead accordingly did, and the awful form of the "White Lady" stood before the company in *propriâ personâ*. Gilbertson, taking a candle, desired his friends to examine her attentively, and assure themselves that she was the work of human hands only. On inspection of the figure, it need scarcely be said how much ashamed his rustic neighbours were; but at length they joined heartily in the loud laughter of the gardener and his family, and fully enjoyed the joke, although it went sadly against themselves. The door having been closed, the "White Lady" dismissed, and though last, not least, the horns of ale and tobacco pipes duly replenished, Richard Gilbertson thus resumed his narrative:

"Simon Bullface chanced to have the luck of first beholding the ghost of the "White Lady," and the impression it made on his imagination you are all well acquainted with; but Simon said the ghost ran after him, and I was at a loss to account for this, until my son Charles told me that there was a young heifer in the field, which, being disturbed, had doubtless patted after Simon, and he, in his fright, had no other idea but that the ghost had leaped the fence to follow him. With respect to the horrid noises that were heard inside the house, I must request you, my friends, after emptying your horns of ale, to accompany me into the haunted apartment, and it shall go hard with me, if I don't account as satisfactorily for those noises as I have already done for the appearance of the 'White Lady.'" Upon the word, the company emptied their cups, and followed their host into a large and gloomy chamber, immediately above the hall in which they had supped. This chamber was wholly unfurnished, with the exception of a few cannon-balls, some heavy chains and weights, and a couple of old speaking trumpets. "These," said Gilbertson, pointing to the articles on the floor, "with the help of my two eldest sons, who, as you will doubtless recollect, were said to be at Preston on business, caused the terrific noises that drove you helter-skelter from the house, and frightened poor Skinflint almost out of his senses. I bought them at the neighbouring seaport for this express purpose. Come, boys, put the machinery in motion, and let our friends have a repetition of the goblin's gambols." On this request the young men rolled the balls, threw the weights, clanked the chains, and called so frightfully through the speaking trumpets, that the company, one and all, declared, if they had not been eye witnesses of the imposture, they should have believed that a legion of devils had again commenced their pranks in the chambers of Elmwood.

And now, being perfectly satisfied with what they had seen and heard, our friends returned to the hospitable hall; again the horns were replenished from the mighty black Jacks; again each man mounted his steamer, and, in profound attention, awaited the conclusion of Richard Gilbertson's discourse.

"I have now," said the gardener, "shown you all the ghosts that have so long haunted Elmwood, and their reasons for haunting it you can now readily guess. I wished to obtain the property on my own terms; I therefore took advantage of the credulity of the neighbourhood, and so worked upon the fears of Skinflint as to compel him to part with the mansion for a sum which, though fair enough in itself, was still much less than many of you would have given had the house not been burthened with supernatural inmates. You will naturally ask me why I employed Father Jerome to drive away ghosts and devils that I alone had created? To this I reply, that having gained my ends, I did not feel it necessary to have the place haunted any longer, but I could not suddenly leave off the pranks without exciting suspicion, which it was perhaps as well to avoid; and as I found that old Father Jerome was a firm believer in the story, I played upon his superstition, and understanding that the old man wished for nothing more than to try the effect of his charms and prayers upon the unholy set, I engaged him to do it; the foolish priest succeeded to a miracle; the paring of the Turk's toe-nails worked wonders; and I dare say if ever Jerome returns to Italy and relates this story, he will, after death, receive a diploma of Saintship, there being many, I am sorry to observe, on our calendar, with even worse pretensions to sanctity than those of old Jerome. Until the death of Skinflint it was my determination not to make this imposture public, as I did not want to distress the old man by letting him know the manner in which he had been taken in; his untimely death, and strange disposal of his property, having made all further concealment unnecessary, I determined that such of my neighbours as had been thoroughly frightened, should also be thoroughly undeceived. I now entreat you to bear in mind, whenever you may chance to hear of other ghost stories, that they are invariably invented by Cunning for the purpose of playing upon Credulity, and that there is not one story in a thousand the mysteries of which may not be as easily explained away as those of the 'White Lady of Elmwood.'"

After this luminous exposè, the assembled guests did due honour to their host's strong ale; brandy punch followed; and although there were now no ghosts or devils to assail them, yet the majority of the party found it perhaps more difficult to reach their homes this evening than they did on that memorable night when the "White Lady" and her confederates played their unseasonable pranks in the garden and chambers of the mansion of Elmwood.

P. M. Jun.

## MR. BYWATER'S IMPROVED COMPASS CARD.

Since our last publication we have examined Mr. Bywater's improved compass, the practical utility of which has been so favourably noticed by Capt. Emerson, and we have great pleasure in stating that we deem the improvement most important, and liable to no objection to detract from its obvious utility. It has long been a desideratum with nautical men to obviate that violent and irregular motion to which the compass card is liable in rough weather. The cap of the card for this purpose has been suspended upon gimbals and double gimbals, and this has been found materially to steady the card; but Mr. Bywater's paper cells are still more effectual; for while they do not impede the free traverse of the card upon its point, they counteract that violent lateral motion, which by forcing it into violent contact with the compass glass, renders it almost impossible to ascertain the course to be steered.

The objection to Mr. Bywater's very ingenious suggestion of a well known principle, published in one of the Liverpool papers, and copied into others, must have proceeded from some person as ignorant of the subject upon which he presumed to offer an opinion, as he obviously is of the first rules of grammar. He talks of a compass card warping from the effects of damp; but does he not know that the best compass cards are fitted up with *talc*, which entirely obviates that objection? If, as he erroneously supposes, Mr. Bywater's cells when formed of paper, would be subject also to warp, they could as easily be formed of *talc*, or latten brass, in which case no warping could take place. We should not omit to state, that the outer rim of paper, which is a recent improvement, is of the utmost consequence in preventing the card from pitching, which generally produces its oscillating motion.

It gives us pleasure to hear that, subsequently to the date of Captain Emerson's letter, several experienced masters of steamvessels, on trial, have highly approved of Mr. Bywater's compass.

# Poetry.

## THE WORN WAR HORSE.

Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?
He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength; he goeth on to meet the armed men.—*Job, chap.* 39, *v.* 19—21.

Attenuated, feeble, old, and blind,
That erst did admiration's eye command,
Fleet as the goss'mer borne upon the wind,
Beauteous, and noblest of his noble kind;
Oh, what a melancholy train of thought
The veteran war-horse wakens in the soul!
Sweet pity pleading now beyond control,
Now, at his fate, to indignation wrought!—
The neck of thunder like the rainbow arched;
The moulded limbs—the proudly-conscious eye—
The ear erect when pealed the battle cry;—
The neigh his order spoke as onward marched
The warrior band to strains of victory!—
Recal—and give him death, or liberty!

*Liverpool.* G.

## THE WORN RACER.

Hark to the sounding lash!—the brutal strokes
That more than brute inflicts upon yon worn
And miserable back; the most forlorn
And melancholy object Pity notes
In all "her walks abroad:"—yet time has been
That much abused one, unheeded now,
The victor wreath placed on his rider's brow,
Exulting carried from the trial scene!—
And this its meed!—Behold its heaving side,
The sinews racked to tension's utmost bound;
The quivering limbs;—the green and fest'ring wound,
And all to maddening agony allied!—
Go, Cruelty, the scene was made for thee,
While Pity weeps disgraced humanity!

*Liverpool.* G.

[*From a Correspondent of the Kaleidoscope.*]

## EPIGRAM,

ADDRESSED TO A MISER.

"*Condit opes alius, defossoque incubat auro.*"
—— VIRGIL, *Geo. II, 507.*

Go, groveller, go,—deep in thy kindred earth
Conceal thy pelf; the place whence thou hadst birth
Is most appropriate:—bury there thy gold,
In bags oft counted, and in weight well told.
Brood o'er thy treasure, on it take thy rest;
Sleep if thou canst, and in thy dreams be blest,
Besotted miser, not an hour is thine,
E'en now the Parcæ cut the lengthen'd twine!
What then thy hopes?—a beggar'd wretch thou'l't rise,
For thou'st laid up no treasure in the skies. ***

The following genuine poetry is from *Frazer's Magazine* for May:—

## MY HOME IS THE WORLD!

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

Speed, speed, my fleet vessel! the shore is in sight,
The breezes are fair, we shall anchor to-night;
To morrow, at sunrise, once more I shall stand
On the sea-beaten shore of my dear native land.

Ah! why does despondency weigh down my heart?
Such thoughts are for friends who reluctantly part;
I come from an exile of twenty long years,
Yet I gaze on my country through fast-falling tears!

I see the hills purple with bells of the heath,
And my own happy valley that nestles beneath,
And the fragrant white blossoms spread over the thorn
That grows near the cottage in which I was born.

It cannot be changed—no, the clematis climbs
O'er the gay little porch, as it did in old times;
And the seat where my father reclined is still there—
But where is my father?—oh, answer me, where?

My mother's own casement, the chamber she loved,
Is there—overlooking the lawn where I roved;
She thoughtfully sat with her hand o'er her brow,
As she watch'd her young darling: ah! where is she now?

And *there* is my poor sister's garden: how wild
Were the innocent sports of that beautiful child!
Her voice had a spell in its musical tone,
And her cheek was like rose-leaves: ah! where is she gone?

No father reclines in the clematis seat!
No mother looks forth from the shaded retreat!
No sister is there, stealing slyly away,
Till half-suppress'd laughter betrayed where she lay!

How oft, in my exile, when kind friends were near,
I've slighted their kindness, and sigh'd to be here!
How oft have I said—"Could I *once* again see
That sweet little valley, how blest I should be!"

How blest! oh! it is not a valley like this
That, unaided, can realize visions of bliss:
For voices I listen, and then I look round
For light steps that used to trip after the sound!

But see! this green path, I remember it well,
'Tis the way to the church; hark! the toll of the bell!
Oh, oft in my boyhood a truant I've strayed
To yonder dark yew tree, and slept in its shade.

But surely the pathway is narrower now!
No smooth space is left 'neath the dark yew-tree bough!
O'er tablets inscribed with sad records I tread,
And the home I have sought is the home of the dead!

And was it to *this* I look'd forward so long
And shrunk from the sweetness of Italy's song?
And turn'd from the dance of the dark girl of Spain?
And wept for my country again and again?

And was it for *this* to my casement I crept,
To gaze on the deep when they deemed that I slept?
To think of fond meetings,—the welcome, the kiss,
The friendly hand's pressure,—oh, was it for *this*?

When those, who so long have been absent, return
To the scenes of their childhood, it is but to mourn:
Wounds open afresh that time nearly had healed,
And the ills of a life at one glance are revealed.

Speed, speed, my fleet vessel! the tempest may rave,—
There's a calm for my heart in the dash of the wave:
Speed, speed, my fleet vessel! the sails are unfurl'd,
Oh! ask me not whither—my Home is the World!

## STANZAS.

BY MISS MARY ANN BROWNE.

Come to the fields and woods!
The spring is breathing o'er the land—
The flowers within the solitudes
Rise up a beauteous band.
The hearth, the hot hearth scorn;
Come to the fields by day, by night—
By day fair flowers the earth adorn,
And stars the heavens by night;
Come, for all is soft and fair,
The power of God is present there!

Come on the glittering sea;
The waves are lull'd in quiet sleep,
Only a ripple mild and free,
Is on the murmuring deep.
Our bark shall glide along,
As if upborne on summer's breeze,
As softly as the night-bird's song
Floats through the forest trees.
Come and adore the gracious peace
That biddeth angry tempests cease!

Come to the towering hill!
Look all around thee, and below
Mark the calm wanderings of the rill,
And the distant ocean's flow;
Look on the sunset clouds
That as yet hold the infant thunder,
In those dark silver-edged shrouds,
The lightning soon will rend asunder.
Come, and in that crimson fire
The Lord of clouds and storms admire!

Come to the bed of death!
Step lightly—check that rising sigh;
Behold the parting of the breath
Without an agony.
Behold how softly fades
The light and glory in that eye,
As gently as the twilight shades
The azure of the sky.
Come, and bow in thankfulness
To Him who life's last hour can bless!

## EXTRACT

*From the Address written by Mr. Ellidge, and delivered by him at the Liverpool Theatre at the Benefit in aid of the Funds for establishing a permanent Night Asylum for the Houseless Poor in Liverpool.*

"But, not from other worlds of woe, or bliss
Come they who plead for wretchedness in this.
Not e'en their poetry—at least not *mine*—
Can boast that spirit critics call divine.
Unless, indeed, meek Charity may claim—
As well she may—that consecrated name.
How then shall I, in pointless verse pursue,
A theme so noble, so adorned by you?—
Had I the poet's fire, the actor's art,
To warm the fancy, or to touch the heart;
To fling wild visions round me as I go,
And paint the dread *realities* of woe;
Then would I draw, in dreary shades, but true,
Each dismal scene contemplated by you.

"First on the canvas, should a man appear,
Who claims from all—but most from you, a tear,
The broken sailor—he whose daring toil
Has brought us wealth from ev'ry distant soil.
Shall they, who, doom'd to linger on the wave,
Stretch'd the strong arm to conquer—or to save;—
Shall they—the brave—who wheresoe'er they roam
Stil lpoint to England as the sailor's home—
Be doom'd to find a shelterless retreat
From the storm's fury in the roofless street?
Or, dragged from thence, if succour they *implore*,
Find entrance only at a *Prison's* door?"

## EXTRAORDINARY QUOITING MATCH.

*(From the third Volume of the Liverpool Mercury.)*

SIR,—As the editors of newspapers are almost in the daily habit of communicating to the public some running, boxing, or shooting match, I infer that such subjects are not void of interest with their readers. I therefore take the liberty of furnishing you, for insertion in your instructive and entertaining paper, with the particulars of a *quoiting match*, played no great time back at Wavertree, by two Liverpool gentlemen; which, for the number and length of its games, deserves to be ranked amongst the most extraordinary events of a similar nature, which have recently occurred. This singular match consisted of ninety-nine successive games, (eleven the game;) the whole of which were played, according to the strict letter of the agreement, without any interruption, except that necessarily occasioned by taking refreshment, not rest. The distance agreed on was twenty-one yards, and the weight of the quoits used by one of the gentlemen, 11 lbs. The parties set to at six o'clock on the Monday morning, and playing the whole of Monday night by the aid of candles, completed their most arduous undertaking by half-past three o'clock on Tuesday afternoon. With the highest opinion of the athletic powers of the ancients, I cannot but entertain a doubt whether Epeus, Leonteus, Ajax, or Polypetes himself, those celebrated throwers of the Discus, in the days of yore, would have been competent to such a task; or, if they had actually accomplished it, I am inclined to believe that Homer would have celebrated it as not the least remarkable of their feats, and by the immortality of his writings, perpetuated the event to the end of time. AN EYE WITNESS.

*Liverpool, January,* 1814.

# Scientific Notices.

[ORIGINAL.]

## LECTURES ON ANATOMY,

### AS APPLICABLE TO THE ARTS AND SCIENCES,

*Delivered at the Mechanics' School of Arts, Liverpool,*

BY MR. ROGERSON, SURGEON.

LECTURE VI.—CONCLUDED.

Art has divided these letters or signs of voice into two classes—the vowels and the consonants. Those of the first class are the simple voice, issuing from the open mouth, and influenced only by the degrees of opening the mouth, and of elongating the lips, or shortening or rounding them, as *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, *y*: they may be continued as long as there is breath to issue from the mouth, and are therefore named vowels, or calling sounds: for the first of these vowels there are no less than four or five distinct sounds, which are formed by different positions of the lips; thus the vibrating air passing through the mouth while in its most easy state of relaxation, is heard modified and pronounced as *a*, as in the word *fate*; if the mouth be widened, it then becomes *a* as in the word *bar*; if, while the mouth is in this state, the lower jaw be suddenly lowered, it then becomes *a* as in the word *fat*, and *hal*; and if the mouth be a little rounded, or, perhaps, much widened, it produces *a* as in the word *hall*. Though here are four or five distinct sounds, our alphabet uses only one sign, or letter, to express them; but it might easily be corrected by marking it with some distinguishing sign, like points used for the Greek accents, or those used to distinguish the French vowel *e*, or what is better, by some slight change in the form of the letter. The fault, however, is not confined to this single letter, but is found in every vowel and almost every consonant; and from letters necessarily extends itself to syllables and words: but the possible number of vowels is as great as the possible degrees in which the dimension and form of the mouth can be altered.

Those of the second class, called consonants, are said to be produced by interrupting, imperfectly beginning, and imperfectly ending the vowel sounds. These modifications of the vibrating air are, then, only different manners of beginning and ending sounds, not being of themselves distinct, full, and clear; and it is because they can only be pronounced in connexion with vowel sounds that they are called consonants. The vowels, we have said, are in a great measure formed by the mouth; and considering this as part of the vocal tube, we find that the interruptions of a full sound may take place by the lips, teeth, tongue, palate, cheeks, and curtain at the back of the mouth. The lips will give the labial consonants; the tongue and palate, the palatal, the cheeks, the buccal, and the curtain creating a hollow and sepulchral sound; but these sounds may also have a particular tone given to them, as the nasal tone. It would, however, lead us too far to consider this subject properly, and consume too much time to extend our research on each letter and tone; but the action of all these living parts are truly mechanical; and these various sounds and intonations are effected by their vibrations,—by their closeness partial or complete,—and by their other mechanical and physical properties.

Next, as to the intensity or volume of the voice, this will, like all other sounds, depend upon the extent of the sounding vibrations, and the vocal cords or reeds will vibrate in proportion to the force with which the air is expelled from the breast and received into it; and the longer and more elastic these reeds are, or, in other words, the larger this part of the windpipe is, the more considerable will be the extent of the vibrations. A strong man, with a large well-made chest and a voluminous windpipe, will produce the most intense sounds; but females, children, and eunuchs, have their windpipe less than an adult man's, and have, therefore, less intensity of voice; but the expression and tone of the voice, besides depending on the causes mentioned, are peculiar to individuals, and present an infinite number of modifications.

Besides the utterance of its own articulate, this human musical machinery is capable of producing other sounds, as noises and cries; of prolonging sound, as singing; and of imitating the sounds of inanimate objects, and even mimicking the tones of others belonging to the same species, as in ventriloquism.

The cry may almost be called the native voice. Our first visit to this world of tears causes us to cry, and the last act of our departure is oftentimes a repetition of it. We cry on our entrance, and we cry at our exit. The new-born child, every age, every sex, the healthy or diseased, the strong or decrepit, man and animals, all living or organized beings are capable of uttering cries: they express all our vivid sensations, and announce all our acute feelings of pleasure or woe. There is the cry of pleasure and the cry of pain; and such is the sociality and sympathy which nature has implanted in the breast of man, as the noblest ornament of his nature, and his proudest attribute, that the cry of joy inclines to joy, the cry of pain excites pity, the cry of terror thrills the heart with fear.

The voice of song differs only from that of articulate sounds, in being a pleasing prolongation of the same sounding vibrations, with the observation of proper time and regular intervals. An ordinary singing voice has about nine tones, between the gravest and most acute sounds; and the average singing voice hardly passes two octaves, which are distinct and full; but as a musical instrument, where is there one equal to the human voice? Our judgment of the fine arts is derived from gratified sensations; and what breast is there insensible to the voice of song? It charms the savage as well as the civilized man; it excites him to mirth, sooths him into peace, melts him into melancholy, or leads him boldly to encounter dangers. National songs are of the highest utility, being a great political and moral engine, whose effects are incalculable. What Briton is there who, while he sings "Rule, Britannia," can patiently think of a naval defeat? and what Briton is there who, while singing "Britons never will be slaves," will tamely submit to the sway of a despot? What Scotchman having just heard "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" would turn his back and flee? A land of slaves possesses no national songs—the voice of song speaks not to them of liberty. This kind of voice also often furnishes the test of a nation's genius; the song of a land of warriors will be of war, while those of lighter nations will speak of love and the dance.

Human sound can imitate the sound from inanimate sonorous bodies,—as the working of a grindstone, the uncorking of a bottle, with the gurgling voice of decanting its contents, and many others; but ventriloquism is only a species of imitation. A Mr. Henderson, of London, at the end of the eighteenth century, used to kill his calf (as he called it) to crowded houses every night. After dropping a screen between him and the audience, he caused to issue from behind it all the sounds, even to the minutest particular, attending the fall of a calf in the slaughter-house; there were the conversation of the butchers, the struggling, bellowing, and quick breathing of the frightened animal, the whetting of the knife, the plunge, the gush, the agony, and so true was the imitation, that thousands eagerly crowded to witness the art of the mimic. Since man can vary almost to infinity the modification of his voice, and since he can change in a thousand different ways its intensity, tone, expression, pitch, &c. nothing can be more easy for him than to imitate the different sounds he hears. Many persons as actors imitate perfectly the voice and pronunciation of others, and hunters or poachers imitate the different cries of game, and thus succeed in decoying them into their net. The ventriloquist effects his art in the same way, only in a higher degree, with more talents, and with greater ingenuity and dexterity. Their machinery and organization are exactly the same as other men's, but from practice, or from a greater natural gift they have of commanding the voluntary motions of the windpipe, their imitations are more extended and perfect, and the delusions they create are more complete, for this art is in many respects to the ear what painting is to the eye. Indeed, the basis of the art is readily understood. Thus we know from experience that sounds are changed by many causes; they become feeble, less distinct, and have a different expression, in proportion to the distance from us. A man in a well, wishing to be heard above, must modify his voice in a certain manner, and a person under a load of hay will give a sound stifled by this material. If the ventriloquist remarks these modifications with care, and frequently imitates them, he will produce acoustic delusions as deceiving to the ear as many things are to the eye, as, for example, an object seen through the microscope deceives it. This error will be more complete if he employs little deceiving contrivances necessary to distract the attention, and, when well done, we would not be surprised at the simple-hearted rustic descending in terror to rescue from the well an imaginary drowning and screaming infant, nor at the stupid carter stopping his horses and proceeding with trepidation and haste to unload his hay and save the life of an imaginary drunken man whom he fancies buried under it.

Such are the mechanism, the physics, and physiology of the organs of hearing and voice, beautiful and perfect, exceeding all the productions of art, presenting a model of mechanism, and furnishing to the philosopher themes for his study, and means of discovering those glorious and wonderful laws by which the universe of nature is governed—and by which "we live, move, and have our being." No mind, however intelligent, or however simple, can meditate, or even slightly think on human speech, and know its influence and importance in the world, without being roused to vivid admiration. Look at man without speech and hearing,—he would then have been on the same level as the congregating beasts of the field, or the leading monkeys in the woods;—regard him as possessing only a very low degree of these ennobling faculties, and then he would be like the natives of Australasia, where language scarcely yet exists, and human nature is seen most brutally debased. View him as he really is, a living machine, in possession of the most perfect animal acoustic machine, and an animal wind musical instrument, capable, by their united actions, of making distinct sounding vibrations appreciable by another, or holding conversations and communicating to others his ideas in sounds which they hear and understand; and then we find him, civilized man, throned superior to all dumb creation, making them conducive to his pleasures and comfort, and bidding defiance, by his ingenuity and labour, to their furious elements. Perfecting his language as he advances in civilization, and rendering permanent the fleeting vibrations of sounds, by inventing signs which the eye can see under the form of letters, he increases in knowledge and power. Language, visible and oral, in the words of a modern author, may, at the present moment of the world's existence, be said to bind up the whole human race of uncounted millions into one gigantic rational being, whose memory reaches to the beginning of written records, and retains imperishably the important events that have occurred; whose judgment, analyzing the treasures of memory, has already discovered many of the sublime and unchanging laws of nature, and has built on them the arts of life, and, through them, piercing far into futurity, sees distinctly many events that are to come; and whose eyes, and ears, and observant mind, at this moment in every corner of the earth, are watching and recording new phenomena, for the purpose of still better comprehending the magnificence, simplicity, and beauty of creation.

*Sarsaparilla.*—There has, we understand, been some difference of opinion respecting the medicinal virtues of this root, some having gone so far as to deny its possessing any beneficial properties. Whatever doubts of its efficacy may hitherto have existed, we think no one, after perusing the mass of evidence collected by Mr. Moxon, in his pamphlet on this subject, can any longer resist the conviction of its being a very valuable and important medicinal agent.—*See adv.*

# Miscellanies.

## SCHOOL-TIME SKETCHES.

### No. 1.—MY FIRST BATTLE.

I and my two brothers led one of the two factions which divided our school, whether from merit or favour I don't know; but we enjoyed the confidence of the masters in an especial manner, and therefore I shall call ours the Ministerial side. The Opposition was headed by two boys who had formerly been our companions and colleagues. Their jealousy was at first shown only in acts of "covert guile;" but picking up a few adherents and followers, they became bolder by degrees, and at last declared for "open war," which, for some time, continued to be waged with an appearance of triumph on their part, for they had more audacity than we, and we more generosity than they. We had rather given way, however, than been beaten back,—rather stood aloof, from contempt, than retreated from fear. Many had been the heart-burnings and bickerings between the juniors, in which the characters of the respective leaders were distinctly marked,—insolence on their side—forbearance on ours. These, however, like our squibs and crackers, had gone off without mischief; the enmity of the commanders was a more serious matter,—equally combustible, but more dangerous to ignite, the explosion of that was to come.

My youngest brother, although quite our equal in size and strength, was of a remarkably docile disposition, apparently almost insensible to injury—he was seldom meddled with. The one next to me in age was of a different character; if any thing galled him it would be the curb, not the spur; his manners were blunt and straight forward, neither courting favour nor intending offence. To a disposition frank and guileless he united a bold and active spirit, which placed him foremost both in our games of pastime and our feats of peril. My own character partook something of both these; by no means irritable; slow to excite, but furious and desperate when excited. The latter quality arose out of unconquerable constitutional tendencies, but that I was not easily moved to anger was owing, partly, at least, to my early acquaintance with Greek and Roman history, which had given me a loftier, and, perhaps, sterner tone of mind than the generality of my companions. They knew that I was neither sullen nor cowardly, and, therefore, seldom gave me any provocation that I considered worth my notice.

Our adversaries were indulging in their tricks and taunts to an extent which I foresaw would bring on a crisis. At length it came. A dispute arose as to a pretended trespass by some of our boys, amongst whom was my brother, upon their part of the play-ground I threw down my ball and walked leisurely to the scene of contention, where, as usual, my brother had been singled out as the aggressor, by one of the leaders of the opposite party,—a lad who always seemed to bear him especial malice. Epithets, neither choice nor sparing, at length produced a blow, and its prompt return. My brother looked round for me,—I was at his elbow, by no means wishing him to give in, for disgrace would be worse than defeat; but still fearful and anxious for the result, for I knew that his noble spirit was but indifferently lodged, and that his strength would fail him before his heart did, for it had been undermined by a pulmonary complaint. I was cheering him on, delighted to see him hold the advantage in every round, when his adversary planted a heavy blow upon his most vulnerable part, the chest, and he sank down overpowered. I loved him tenderly, and the more so on account of the delicacy of his frame; at that moment my blood boiled, and every fibre of my body quivered with the thirst of revenge; revenge on that boy who had struck down my brother. I rushed up and seized both his arms with a grasp like the bite of a vice: "You are more than a match for him; are you a match for me? not now, but to-morrow," I said. Flushed with his recent victory, and encouraged by his friends, he accepted my challenge, and I was heartily glad of it. "This" said I to my brother, as I helped him on with his jacket, "this settles all; he may beat me; but if he does he will kill me." This was not the first time that I had sheltered this brother of my affections behind a calm and determined, but unobtrusive, courage,—and he knew it; and when he looked in my face it was with an expression of devotedness which seemed to say that our lives were but as one life.

With the rapidity of lightning the news flew to every corner of the school-room, that a battle was to be fought between me and Math. Howard on the following day, and forthwith pen and pencil, slate and copy-book, were laid aside, and no lessons attended to, except those in the art of self-defence, which some incipient professors were delivering in various parts of the room to the utter discomfiture of Bonnycastle's Arithmetic and Murray's Grammar; indeed it is a question yet unsettled, whether the Tournament on the Field of the Cloth of Gold caused a greater stir than the decision of this boyish quarrel.

I was now about fifteen, in person large of bone, with a disposition to sturdiness more than gracefulness of make, but remarkable for strength proportioned to my years, and possessing an advantage in the unusual power of my left arm, which my adversary was especially cautioned against. He was a little my senior in age, taller and sparer than myself, but so amazingly supple and active, that his muscles seemed to have almost the same power of convolution as those of a snake.

In the afternoon of the day following, being a half holyday, we entered the arena, formed by our followers on a piece of ground in the outskirts of the town. I waited the attack, which was made conformably with the character of my antagonist, slowly and warily. Making the most of his adroitness, he passed my guard, and a slight catching of the breath told of a blow he had planted on my ribs: further, I was unmoved, and did not alter my position of defence. He came up again, and again deceived my eye, by the peculiar coiling of his frame; his friends cheered, and mine looked crest-fallen and astonished at my composure. A third time he advanced, with the pride of conquest on his brow, stood for a moment fixed, then throwing out an uncommonly long arm to its utmost reach, he planted a blow behind my ear, which drove me a pace or two backward: but that blow—I think I can feel it yet—vibrated on every nerve in my body, and my muscles became swollen with energy, almost to bursting. "The look you gave me at that instant," said my brother afterwards, "dispelled all my fears."

My antagonist instantly observed that I was now fully roused, and drew back several yards, as I, in my turn, commenced the attack. My eye was now alive, and his legerdemain was of no use to him; he was contemplating something in his usual crafty way, when I threw out my left arm, strained to its full power, and stretched him on the earth, to all appearance lifeless, for he neither stirred hand nor foot. Instantly a crowd of boys ran off in various directions, spreading an alarm that I had killed Math. Howard; instantly, too, a legion of women, with their cap strings flying in the air, were seen running from all points to the scene of action, and almost before I could say Jack Robinson, I found myself in the hands of the constables, on a charge of murder,—a pretty termination to a school-boy quarrel.

The supposed dead youth was conveyed into a neigbouring cottage, where, after a plentiful besprinkling of water, to my infinite satisfaction, he at length exclaimed "Oh my head!" "God be praised," said the old women, and "Amen," said I. In fine, as death had not yet imprisoned him, the constable did not think it needful to imprison me. Nevertheless a deep and very proper consultation was held upon the event by our fathers respectively; we were called to a court of inquiry, severely reprimanded, and mulcted of a month's pocket money. My adversary returned to school in a few days, vastly chopfallen, and evidently "disordered with the deep regard he drew," though more out of shame than modesty. Tenders of reconciliation were made and accepted, and thenceforth we went on without any further breach of the peace for the three months that I remained at school. L.

# The Philanthropist.

## THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH—CONDEMNATION OF INNOCENT PERSONS.

It is an awful and appalling fact, that, notwithstanding the acknowledged excellence of our mode of trial by jury, and the meritorious solicitude of our judges to elicit every circumstance, or even flaw, favourable to the life of a prisoner charged with a capital offence, innocent persons have been often condemned and executed in this country. This week we have to record the extraordinary escape of two men under sentence of death in Lancaster Castle, whose lives would have been sacrificed to the perjury of a villain, had not mere chance averted their approaching fate.

This circumstance affords a strong practical argument against the infliction of the punishment of death, and we trust it will produce a proper impression on the minds of our lawgivers, whose attention has recently been directed to the melioration of our criminal code.

If labour, imprisonment, and transportation were substituted for death, it would be in the power of the community to make some atonement to any individnal who, like Rigby and Grimes, might have been the temporary victims of perjury and circumstantial evidence, but whose innocence should be afterwards fully established. The case of these persons must excite very powerful emotions in the minds of the jury who found them guilty; and the judge who pronounced so confident an opinion of the guilt of the prisoners should devoutly thank his God that the sentence of the law was not carried into effect before their innocence was established.

*Liverpool Mercury.*

The case adverted to in the preceding paragraph is of such importance, and makes so directly in favour of the abolition of the punishment of death, that we shall put it upon record, as a continuation of the many articles on circumstantial evidence which have appeared in the *Kaleidoscope.*

## SINGULAR DISCOVERY AND ESCAPE FROM DEATH OF RIGBY AND GRIMES,

*Who were condemned at the last Lancaster Assizes for highway robbery.*

We have extracted the following particulars from the *Wolverhampton Chronicle* of Wednesday, May 5.

"MOST EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

"The circumstance of a man, calling himself Robert Fisher, being found tied to a gate near the Chapel Ash turnpike, close to this town (Wolverhampton,) in the month of February, 1829, and the subsequent detection of his imposture, will, no doubt, be in the recollection of our readers. A servant of Mr. J. Tarratt's was passing along the road about nine in the evening, and found the man bound with cords to the gate; he had a severe blow on his right eye and forehead, with a large piece of brown paper rolled tightly together in his mouth, and fastened with two strings attached to it, at the back of his head. He appeared to have been grossly ill-used, and, in short, nearly suffocated, and he was immediately brought by Mr. Tarratt's servant into the town, and every attention paid to him. The statement he gave of himself was, that he was a native of Oswestry, and by trade a joiner. He said he resided in London, but had been down to Oswestry to see his friends, and was upon his return home; on reaching the village of Tettenhall, about two miles from

here, he went to the Rose and Crown to refresh himself, and staid there until half-past eight, the night being dark and foggy. When he came near the gate where he was found (which is within 250 yards of the turnpike and several houses,) a man overtook him and asked him if he was going to Wolverhampton, and he had scarcely time to give him an answer, and perceive indistinctly that one or two others were in his company, before he received a blow across the face from a stick or other weapon, which brought him to the ground, and inflicted the wound on his eye. He was stunned by the blow, and whilst he lay in that insensible state was fastened to the gate, &c. where he found himself when he came to his recollection, but was unable to speak or stir, and several people passed him without noticing him; he added that the men had rifled him of two sovereigns and thirteen shillings in silver, a bundle of clothes, a case of drawing instruments, and two books, 'Volney's Ruins of Empires' and 'Dodd's Prison Thoughts,' but could give no description of the persons who had bound him, on account of the darkness of the night. Such was the statement this man gave of the transaction, and his case exciting commiseration, a subscription was immediately raised for him; but the publicity of the situation, and some variation between his own account and that given by the landlord of the Rose and Crown, having excited suspicion, inquiry was made at Oswestry, when it turned out *that no person of his name or description was a native of that place, or had ever been known there*; and at the same time a communication was received from the Rev. Mr. Dale, of Donnington, that the same person had, immediately before, been at the same practices in the neighbourhood of Bridgnorth. In fine, the complete detection of this artful impostor took place, but before he could be apprehended he decamped.

At the late Lancaster Assizes two men and a woman, of the names of Paul Rigby and James Grimes, and Mary Grimes, were convicted for a highway robbery on the 23d of February last, upon a person of the name of Robert Stanley. From the report of the case which appeared in the papers, it seemed that the prosecutor represented himself as a joiner, residing in Oswestry, but was on his way to the north, to fetch his mother-in-law to take care of his family, having recently lost his wife; and that about six in the evening of Shrove Tuesday he stopped at a public-house about four miles from Lancaster. Having taken some refreshment he proceeded towards Lancaster, and arrived within three parts of a mile of that place, when, a little after seven, he met a woman, dressed in a dark-coloured cloak and light bonnet, who asked him for some half-pence, speaking with a broad Irish accent. He told her he had nothing for her, and she passed on; he then saw that there were close behind her two men, one of whom struck him a blow on the cheek with a stick, which knocked him down and stunned him. He, however, recovered a little and got up, notwithstanding the efforts of the men to prevent him. After a short struggle he received another blow on the forehead, which brought him to the ground and rendered him insensible. About eight o'clock two men and a young woman saw a hat lying on the road,—one of them stooping to pick it up, saw the prosecutor lying on the road, apparently drunk or asleep; at length they discovered that his hands were fastened with wire to one of the bars of the gate. A light was then procured—the wire was detached from the gate, and, the prosecutor being insensible, was carried to the nearest house, his cravat was taken off, and it was found that a quantity of wire, similar to that with which his hands had been fastened, was twisted tight about his neck. Of course it was immediately taken off, and the prosecutor, after great care had been bestowed upon him, came to himself in about an hour. He then stated that his money, his watch, and two small bundles, containing wearing apparel, had been taken out of his pocket. As the night was dark he could not identify the persons who attacked him, and he could only say they resembled the prisoners at the bar. To prove that the prisoners were the parties by whom the robbery was committed, a great mass of circumstantial evidence was adduced, which raised as strong a presumption of guilt as was, perhaps, ever afforded by such a description of testimony, and the prisoners were all found guilty. The only points appearing favourable to them were the circumstance of their being searched in Lancaster within two or three hours after the robbery was committed, and none of the stolen property found upon them, and that the woman was dressed in a grey cloak and black bonnet, instead of a dark cloak and a light coloured bonnet, as described by the prosecutor, and she did not speak with an Irish accent. At the conclusion of the business at the Crown bar, Mr. Justice Park passed sentence of death upon the two male prisoners, and the woman was ordered for transportation. They protested their innocence, but so strong were appearances against them that Mr. Justice Park implored them not to suppose such an asseveration would be of any avail, for that if they were innocent there was no reliance to be placed on human testimony. It was, he said, one of the most cruel highway robberies which, during his long experience, he had ever witnessed; and but for the good providence of God, who watches over his creatures, their prosecutor must have lost his life from the sufferings inflicted upon him—binding him with wire and thread to a gate in the night time, and leaving him in a state of suffocation for nearly an hour, he must have died had he remained much longer. But it so happened that he was saved; and their detection was most miraculous, and for the country most fortunate, and only to be attributed to that God who "brings to light the hidden things of darkness." He concluded by feelingly exhorting them to prepare for eternity, and appointed the day for their execution. Particulars of this case were reported in the newspapers, and meeting the eyes of several of the principal inhabitants of Oswestry, *who had never heard of such a person as the prosecutor living there*, the conduct of the impostor Fisher, at this place, rushed to their recollection, and created a powerful suspicion that the prosecutor might possibly be the same person, and the prisoners the victims of his perjury. Doubts instantly led to inquiry, and inquiry to certainty, that no *such person as Robert Stanley, joiner, had ever lived in Oswestry*. The information was promptly communicated to Mr. Justice Park, and a respite was immediately granted by that learned and humane Judge until the 24th of next month. In the meantime, in consequence of a communication from Mr. Longueville, of Oswestry, to Messrs. Holyoake and Robinson, of this place, Diggory, one of our police-officers, who was well acquainted with the person of Fisher, and with all the circumstances of his impostures here, was sent to Lancaster. He returned to this town on Thursday last, and from his statement there appears the strongest presumption of the prosecutor and the man who here called himself Fisher being one and the same person, and of the prisoners being the victims of the most diabolical perjury. The prosecutor left Lancaster two or three days after the trial, and, consequently, was not seen by Diggory; but the description he received of him precisely corresponds with his own description of Fisher. The identity of the party, from description, is, of course, too imperfect to be alone of much weight; but it seems that the prosecutor left Lancaster *on the 18th by a coach to Liverpool*, and the following day the chaplain of the jail at Lancaster received the following letter, *bearing the Liverpool post mark of the 18th*:—

(COPY OF LETTER.)

SIR,—I hav rote this to say that the two men and woman wo are condend for robbing mister Stanle are inosent of the crim for it was me and another that robed him.—We folled him from Gaston and had no chone to get by him in the publick Hous at gogat—We thote to stop him before but it was too late—We got inside the Gate and waited for him but the woman that begt of him had lik to stoppt us—We saw the 3 pris—oners go and I stopt to make water at the gat they was dronk quarilin at that time—th mon that swore to the gloss has done rong—You will be convinced that it was not them by riting to the clirgyman of Wroxton near to maidstone in Kent for he is a Justis too—We robed a man there and tid him with wire the same but not to a gate about crismas last—We robed 1 to between ashby da la souse and Derby sometime before but we did not ty him—if you will rite to these plases you will find from this that thes poor foks ar as much inocent as you—We have robed 8 men altogether but will not rob no more for we have got money anof to carry us out of the Cauntry and that is Hall that we wanted for we cud not get work in this—the money and things my pardner took to hirland soon after—if this is not true and i ever used any of the prisioners i wish i may sink to the bottom and find myself ever last in hel torment so help me good god—i dar not put my name.

*The officiating Clergeyman at Lancaster Castle.*

Received 20 March, 1830; Liverpool post mark, 18 March, 1830.

The most extraordinary part of the case, however, yet remains to be stated.

When the prisoners were taken before Admiral Tatham, the magistrate who committed them, it seems that the Admiral inquired of the prosecutor the name of some respectable inhabitant of Oswestry to whom he could apply for the prosecutor's character, and that Stanley readily replied he was known to *the Rev. Mr. Venables, the minister at Oswestry.* Admiral Tatham addressed a letter accordingly, and received in due course the following answer, *bearing Oswestry post-mark, March 6*:—

(COPY OF LETTER.)

*Oswestry, March 5th*, 1830.

SIR,—I received yours of the 2d instant, and am sorry to hear of poor Stanley's misfortune—he is not known to me in person—but I have made inquiry and find him to bear a very good character since his residence in this town. He is but in a small way of business, but is considered very industrious.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your mo. obt huml. Sevt.

THOS. VENABLES.

P.S.—I should wish Stanley to call on me when he returns.

*To Rear Admiral Tatham, Lancaster.*

*Addressed to the Town Clerk, Lancaster,*

*Post-mark Oswestry, March 6*, 1830.

Both these letters were procured by Diggory at Lancaster; and, upon his return to Oswestry, the astonishment and gratification of the inhabitants of that place, who had so feelingly and promptly interested themselves in the fate of the unhappy prisoners, may be more easily imagined than described. *There is no person of the name of "Thomas Venables" living in Oswestry!* It is almost needless to add that these important facts were instantly forwarded to Mr. Justice Park, and, as might be expected, the poor prisoners have been rescued from death. Sir John Wrottesley has, we understand, warmly interested himself upon the subject, and the case is now undergoing the fullest investigation by Mr. Peel.—*Wolverhampton Chronicle.*

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As the above extraordinary case (says the *Lancaster Gazette*) has excited the strongest sensations in this town and neighbourhood, from the (supposed) robbery having been committed near the town, and from the lives of the individuals having been placed in the most imminent jeopardy, we feel at liberty, now that the affair has obtained publicity, to state a few particulars respecting it, in order to correct some inaccuracies therein. We cannot, however, but express our highest commendations of the prompt attention and humanity which have been so kindly exerted by the gentlemen of Oswestry and Wolverhampton on this peculiarly distressing occasion.

We are credibly informed that the first respite was issued by Mr. Justice Park on the 30th of March last, to continue till the 28th of April, in consequence of the above anonymous letter, and other information received from Wrotham (there being no such place as Wroxton,) in Kent, having been transmitted to his Lordship when at York, and was granted with a special view of enabling certain persons in this town, who felt, from a sense of duty, an interest in the case, to investigate it more minutely. No time was lost in doing so, and considerable additional information was received, grounded, we understand, on the most unexceptionable testimony. The various documents were transmitted to his Lordship on the 17th, when he was pleased to extend the respite during his Majesty's pleasure, by which the lives of the prisoners were happily saved. This latter respite was received on the 22d of April, the day previous to the arrival of Diggory, the police-officer of Wolverhampton. These dates are given to correct any errors than may prevail, and to place the whole proceedings in a proper and true position; for every person here was astonished, and could scarcely believe the account, when it was reported that the whole transaction was a gross fabrication. There is, however, one circumstance to be remarked, that, whilst the parties here were respectfully submitting their doubts (to say the least) as to the guilt of the prisoners, to the merciful consideration of the Judge, the principal inhabitants of Oswestry, &c. were humanely pressing on his notice their honest conviction, that no such robbery had been committed, and that the man calling himself "Robert Stanley," appeared to be a vile impostor; and that these simultaneous exertions were made without the slightest knowledge of each party doing so. This result can only be attributed to Him who "knoweth the secrets of all hearts, and who bringeth to light the hidden things of darkness." We forbear to add more at present, as it may be considered premature, and perhaps improper, till the case be finally decided.

## METEOROLOGICAL DIARY.

[*From the Liverpool Courier.*]

| | Barometer at noon. | Extreme during Night. | Thermometer 8 morning | Extreme heat during Day. | State of the Wind at noon. | Remarks at noon. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| May | | | | | | |
| 12 | 29 70 | 41 0 | 46 0 | 55 0 | N. | Cloudy. |
| 13 | 29 86 | 44 0 | 50 0 | 58 0 | N.W. | Fair. |
| 14 | 29 90 | 46 0 | 55 0 | 62 0 | S.E. | Fair. |
| 15 | 29 95 | 47 0 | 53 0 | 61 0 | N.W. | Fair. |
| 16 | 30 13 | 49 0 | 56 0 | 66 0 | N.W. | Cloudy. |
| 17 | 29 97 | 54 0 | 61 0 | 66 0 | N.W. | Fair. |
| 18 | 29 84 | 52 0 | 63 0 | 64 0 | W.S.W. | Cloudy. |

16th, Rain from two, p.m. to seven, p.m.
17th, Heavy rain during night.

# Chess.

## CHESS.

*TO THE EDITOR.*

SIR,—The following versification, entitled "The Chesse Play," in addition to your late amusing notices of that game in your interesting publication, may not, by some of your readers be found altogether unacceptable. It is by the quaint Dr. Earle, and appears in some rare editions of his works. It bears the date of 1593. I have been particularly careful in preserving the orthography in transcribing, merely substituting the *u* for the *v*. May I be allowed to suggest that there is much interesting information on the subject of Chess in Dr. Ree's Cyclopædia under that title. A. B.

*Liverpool, May* 12, 1830.

### THE CHESSE PLAY.

A secret, many yeeres unseene,
In play at chesse; who knowes the game?
First of the King, and then the Queene,
Knight, Bishop, Rooke, and so by name
Of everie Pawne I will descrie
The nature with the qualitie.

THE KING.

The King himself is haughtie care,
Which overlooketh all his men;
And when he seeth how they fare
He steps among them now and then,
Whom, when his foe presumes to checke,
His servants stand to give the necke.

THE QUEENE.

The Queene is quient, and quicke conceit,
Which makes her walke which way she list,
And rootes them up that lie in wait
To work her treason ere she wist;
Her force is such against her foes
That whom she meetes she overthrows.

THE KNIGHT.

The Knight is knowledge how to fight
Against his prince's enimies,
He never makes his walke outright,
But leaps and skips, in wilie wise,
To take by sleight a treacherous foe,
Might slielie seeke their overthrow.

THE BISHOP.

The Bishop he is wittie braine,
That chooseth crossest pathes to pace,
And evermore he pries with paine
To see who seekes him most disgrace;
Such stragglers when he finds astraie
He takes them up and throws awaie.

THE ROOKES.

The Rookes are reason on both sides,
Which keepe the corner houses still,
And warily stand to watch their tides,
By secret art to work their will,
To take sometime a theefe unseen,
Might mischiefe meane to King or Queene.

THE PAWNES.

The Pawne before the King, is peace,
Which he desires to keepe at home,
Practise, the Queene's, which doth not cease
Amid the world abroad to roame,
To finde, and fall upon each foe,
Whereas his mistres meanes to goe.

Before the Knight is perill plast,
Which he, by skipping, overgoes,
And yet that Pawne can work a cast
To overthrow his greatest foes:
The Bishop's prudence prieing still
Which way to marke his master's will.

The Rooke's poor pawnes are sillie swaines,
Which seldome serve except by hap,
And yet those pawnes can lay their traines
To catch a great man in a trap;
So that I see sometime a groome,
May not be spared from his roome.

THE NATURE OF THE CHESSE MEN.

The King is stately, looking hie,
The Queene doth beare like majestie,
The Knight is hardy, valiant, wise,
The Bishop prudent and precise,
The Rookes no rangers out of raie,
The Pawnes the pages in the plaie.

LENVOY.

Then rule with care and quicke conceit,
And fight with knowledge as with force;
So bear a braine to dash deceit,
And worke with reason and remorse;
Forgive a fault when young men plaie,
So give a mate and go your way.

And when you play beware of checke,
Know how to save and give a necke,
And with a checke beware of mate,
But cheefe ware had I wist too late:
Loose not the Queene, for ten to one
If she be lost the game is gone.

# Correspondence.

## THE LOST SNUFF-BOX.

*TO THE EDITOR.*

SIR,—Perceiving that the interesting story of The Lost Snuff-box has been introduced in the new entertainment written for Mr. Mathews, as if the hero of the tale had been a *chevalier de la légion d'honneur*, I beg leave to state that, although the anecdote may be of French origin, it had been brought on the German stage long before *la légion d'honneur* existed, namely, in Kotzebue's comedy of *Armuth and Edelsinn*, (poverty and nobleness) where it is ascribed to a Swedish officer, in reduced circumstances, who had just provided himself with his dinner, (a piece of brown bread) when he was unexpectedly invited by Peter Plum, a purse-proud merchant. He accepted of the invitation, because he wished to take a farewell glance at the charming niece of his host; but he would not, of course, submit to an examination of his pockets, and the box was afterwards found in the lining of the merchant's own coat, the pocket of which had happened to give way in one of its corners. Yours, &c. P. P.

## ANTIQUITIES.

*TO THE EDITOR.*

SIR,—Can you give me any information respecting the following antiquities of Liverpool.

1st.—On the banks of the canal, close to Chisenhale-bridge, there is a cottage, at each side of which there are two figures in stone, one of a man in armour, and the other of a lady in the dress of a few centuries back.—Can you inform me what these figures represent, and why they are placed in that situation?

2d.—There is a stone fixed in front of a building at the top of James-street, with this inscription:—

A
E I
God's Providence hath
been mine inheritance.
1660.

Where was this taken from?

3d.—In the History of Liverpool it is stated that Stringer's Rock was formerly the scene of the Liverpool bull-baitings. Where was this situated?

If you will have the goodness to answer these queries you will greatly oblige, J. G.

*May*, 1830.

## MATHEMATICAL EXERCISE.

*TO THE EDITOR.*

SIR,—I herewith send a trifle to your correspondent *C. M.* In the question I have assumed some points, such as the distance, rate of tide, &c. which are not correct; but which may very safely be admitted, as the question is only designed as a mathematical exercise.

Mr. Vipond started to swim from the Black Rock to Runcorn, just as the tide began to flow. The distance is twenty-four miles. He arrived there in six hours. Now supposing him capable of enduring the exposure and of continuing the exertion, how long would he be arriving at Runcorn, if he were to start from the Rock just as the tide began to ebb, allowing the ebb and flow of the tide to be uniform, and at the rate of three miles per hour?

*May* 12, 1830. T. A.

*Mr. Charles's Performance at the Liver Theatre.*—That public favourite, Mr. Charles, it will be seen by the advertisement, will devote the profits of his first performance on Whit-Monday to the fund raising in aid of the permanent night asylum. Mr. Charles's very popular, amusing, and instructive performances, will continue at the Liver Theatre for the remainder of Whitsun week.—*See adv.*

HISTORICAL, BOTANICAL, and MEDICINAL DESCRIPTION OF SARSAPARILLA.

Its curative powers established by the testimony of the most eminent Medical Practitioners, and illustrated by cases selected from Surgeons, Pearson, Abernethy, Carmichael, &c. and several never before published: with Remarks on the Officinal preparations.—By B. MOXON, Chemist, Hull.

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*LIVER THEATRE.*

MR. CHARLES, the VENTRILOQUIST and PROFESSOR of NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, &c. &c. has the honour to acquaint the Nobility, Gentry, and Inhabitants of Liverpool, that he has taken the above Theatre, where he will exhibit his various Entertainments, consisting of EXPERIMENTS in MECHANISM, CHEMISTRY, ELECTRICITY, METAMORPHOSES, AMAZING COMBINATIONS, PHILOSOPHICAL RECREATIONS, ILLUSIONS in VENTRILOQUISM, &c. &c. for a few Evenings, to commence on MONDAY next. May 31, and *every Evening during that week.*

Doors to be opened at *Seven* and the Performance to begin at *Eight* o'clock.

Admission, Boxes, 3s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.—Half-price at Nine o'clock, Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d.

# Tide Table.

| *Days.* | *Morn.* h. m. | *Even.* h. m. | *Height.* ft. in. | *Festivals, &c.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Tuesday ..25 | 0 54 | 1 16 | 18 7 | [of Canterbury. |
| Wednesday26 | 1 39 | 2 3 | 17 2 | Augustin, 1st Archbishop |
| Thursday 27 | 2 26 | 2 50 | 15 6 | Venerable Bede. |
| Friday ....28 | 3 14 | 3 42 | 13 10 | [Oxford Term ends. |
| Saturday..29 | 4 9 | 4 38 | 12 5 | King Charles II restored. |
| Sunday....30 | 5 13 | 5 48 | 11 8 | Whit Sunday. |
| Monday ..31 | 6 27 | 7 [illegible] | 11 5 | Whit Monday. |
| Tuesday .. 1 | 7 39 | 8 [illegible] | 11 9 | Whit Tuesday. Nicom. |

# To Correspondents.

MRS. DICKINSON'S FORTHCOMING POEM.—We shall have much pleasure in noticing this production in our next. It is from the pen of a writer whose talents were first introduced to public notice through the medium of the *Kaleidoscope*.

THE SEIGE OF LIVERPOOL.—Our arrangements have compelled us to postpone the first portion of this dramatic work until next week, when it shall most assuredly appear.

MR. HOPE'S ADDRESS TO THE MECHANICS' SCHOOL OF ARTS is also unavoidably deferred until our next.

UNPRECEDENTED MATCH AT QUOITS.—Our correspondent *Gymnasticus* will find, in a preceding column, the account after which he has made inquiry.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.—The article suggested by *Philanthropos* was in the hands of our printers before we were favoured with the suggestion of our correspondent. It is inserted at full length in a preceding page, as an awful record of the uncertainty of circumstantial evidence.

CURIOSITIES OF CHESS.—Our correspondent *A. B.*, who has been at the trouble to transcribe for our use the verses on Chess, to be found in a preceding column, is informed that we have, in our own collection, many interesting articles on the subject, some of which we shall publish in our next.

The communication of *Philolechnus* shall appear in our next.

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